

Finding Similarity in Difference

Josh1013

Copyright Information

This ebook was automatically created by [FicLab](#) v1.0.102 on December 27th, 2023, based on content retrieved from www.fanfiction.net/s/14213666/.

The content in this book is copyrighted by [Josh1013](#) or their authorised agent(s). All rights are reserved unless explicitly stated otherwise. Please do not share or republish this work without the express permission of the copyright holder.

If you are the author or copyright holder, and would like further information about this ebook, please read the author FAQ at www.ficlab.com/author-faq.

This story was first published on March 24th, 2023, and was last updated on March 24th, 2023.

FicLab ID: Lrlw8kcc/lqnntj2o/50000E5U

Table of Contents

Title Page
Copyright Information
Table of Contents
Summary
1. Finding Similarity in Difference

Summary

title Finding Similarity in Difference
author Josh1013
source <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/14213666/>
published March 24th, 2023
updated March 24th, 2023
words 2,624
chapters 1
status In-Progress
rating Fiction T
tags Amarant C., Fanfiction, Final Fantasy IX, Freya C., Games, In-Progress

Description:

At a rundown tavern in Lindblum, with the help of a friend he never knew he needed, Amarant reflects on a life that could have been.

1. Finding Similarity in Difference

A/n: This is a one chapter short story, Which is a little bit different from what I usually write but was presented to me as a challenge by my fellow writers that I greatly admire! If you would like to know more bout the challenge, or join in and write your own, message me and I'll gladly tell you all about it! Also, I want to give a shout out to all of those talented authors that keep writing ff9 stories even though the fan base has grown a lot smaller over the years and I'm also incredibly thankful for Janet Wallace for taking the time to draw the amazing picture I'm using for this story!

....

Rain pelted heavily against the dirty windows of the run down tavern as Amarant sat looking out the window into the streets below. It wasn't even close to the nicest tavern in Lindblum by he guessed anyone's standards. The tables were worn down and uneven, the chairs missing the once comfortable leather padding that covered them and the entire place reeked of cheap booze and worse food. He

couldn't hold back a bitter smirk, thinking he was actually fond of the place. The company wasn't the sort of people your average Joe would hope to bump into, but when it came down to it that was right where he belonged and it didn't bother him a bit. What made it even better was the slight air of discomfort that made it's way onto the features of the red cloaked Burmecian that had just walked in.

"Are you lost?" He asked sarcastically, not bothering to get up from his seat.

Freya let out a frustrated sigh. "I figured I'd find you here. You do realize we're supposed to be leaving to go to Treno with the others any time now."

"Give me a break. Monkey boy won't be ready to go till he gets done chasing Garnet's ass around the town for a few hours." He grumbled irritably, but still motioned for the bartender to pour her a drink.

"You mean when they're done restocking our supplies?" Freya offered with a raised eyebrow.

"You heard me the first time." He refuted. "Can you honestly tell me that that guy has anything resembling travelling supplies on his brain? I still can't believe the horny brat beat me in a fight."

Freya shook her head, having heard it all more than once. “He’s really not that bad if you give him the chance, and he’s more of a gentleman that he tries to act.”

“...” Amarant said nothing and took another big gulp of his drink. Was it beer or some kind of bad whiskey? He honestly didn’t know, or care for that matter. “You two are more alike than you think.” Freya commented with a grin.

“What?” he asked suddenly, surprised by her question. “How do you figure?” He countered.

“The same reason you and I are a lot alike.” She smiled at him.

“You lost me.” He replied blankly. “We’re nothing alike.”

“Mmm.” She smirked, not hiding her amusement. Do you remember how we first met?”

“Haven’t we been over this at some point before?” he couldn’t remember.

“If so, then humor me and let’s talk about it again.” She replied matter-of-factly while sipping her drink. “Ugh... alright. It was in Treno before I became a security guard..

...

“Stop! You can’t... take that. It doesn’t... belong to you!” A teenage Amarant managed to yell in-between gasps for air. As he chased a well known pick pocket down a back alley in Treno. Rounding the right hand corner of the alley, he was relieved to see that he had already closed more than half the distance between him and the man who had just stolen a woman’s purse right in front of him. He had no aspirations for becoming a bounty hunter chasing after thieves, but from the first few times he has seen them in their shiny metal armor, he had hoped one day to become an honorable knight.

Growing up an orphan hadn’t been easy, but he had made the best of it and worked hard instead of just giving up like most of the other orphans had. He didn’t have the luxury of having a tutor or parents that might have taught him things, but he had found that Treno did actually have a library for commoners, so after a few years of struggling he has learned what each word meant with the help of other people in the library who often read aloud to themselves. From there, he had forced himself to be something of a sponge soaking up all of the knowledge he could find that might could help him

and today after years of effort it would hopefully finally pay off!

Treno didn't have a regular Army, but once a year thanks to it's treaty with Lindblum, Knights from Lindblum would hold soldier recruitments in the town square and he was sure that they wouldn't dare pass him up! Not only could he read, write and understand most things but he had made sure to exercise daily and be in top shape as well!

He had watched the knights as they sat up their desks and everything they would need while wondering what he might could do to really leave a last impression! As the wheels turned in his mind, he bit back his nervousness at hoping his looks didn't work against him and the worry that he couldn't think of anything special to do or say. However, just as he had resigned to just introducing himself as everyone was doing, it happened. An elderly lady waiting with her son who also hoped to enlist had her purse strap deftly snipped and the thief quickly bolted with it down the alley. This was it! If he could catch the thief he would show what kind of person he was! Not even waiting for the old lady to start screaming that she'd been robbed, he bolted after the man.

Now, he just needed to give one last burst of speed and he'd have him! His mind screamed with exhilaration. Even with the burning in his legs he ran faster than he could remember running and when the man slowed slightly to turn again, he used his weight to slam into him, knocking the man to the cobbled pathway.

Standing victorious over the man, he huffed in tired satisfaction. "Hand it over! I saw you take that purse from her! Did you really think you would get away?"

The man coughed, clearly winded. "Fine, take the damn bag you fuckin' guard wannabe!" He spat, slinging the bag toward him. "Now just leave me the hell alone." The man finished more quietly.

Upon hearing the guards rhythmic footsteps pounding towards them, he shook his head. "I'm not gonna do anything to you; it's the guards you'll need to worry about!" Breaking eye contact with him, Amarant dusted himself off and turned fully toward the incoming soldiers trying to make himself halfway presentable. 'Hey! Over here! I got it!' He yelled with a wave. "Not only that but I have the thief is right—" His stomach dropped like a lead weight when he turned back around and the man

was nowhere to be found. “Dammit!” How could he have let him get away? His accomplishments wouldn’t look nearly as good now...

“Hey! Stay where you are and don’t even think about trying to make a run for it!” The guards yelled as they drew near.

“W-what?” He stammered as he turned back sharply towards them and stood there with the stolen purse. “W-what do you mean?”

“We’re only going to ask you once!” They bellowed as they drew their weapons. “Drop the stolen bag now and get on the ground!”

“But.. I— I didn’t steal this! I just stopped the thief who did it!” He defended, clutching tightly to the bag hoping it was all just a joke or quick misunderstanding.

“Don’t bother lying to us! The lady you stole it from saw you and gave us your exact description! What kind of shitty person steals from the elderly I’m broad daylight?!”

Amarant numbly dropped the bag To the ground, but stood frozen and unable to process what was happening. “I-Im not lying! Please let me explain what—” he tried to plead before being shoved

roughly to the ground by the guard that had snuck up from behind. ‘Please!’ Amarant sobbed as the guard placed shackles on his arms. “How can you do this!? I just wanted to enlist!”

“You wanted to enlist?” the guards broke out into raucous laughter, looking at him like they were disgusted.

“Listen here..” The larger of the guards growled as he yanked him back to his feet by the shackle. “There’s no chance in hell a runt like you could ever be one of us! I know your kind, you’re just some orphan that thinks because you had a rough childhood that you deserve to have the world handed to you. Filth like you won’t ever amount to anything.

“So..” one of the other guards started. “Are you gonna keep up the” I’m a good samaritan act, or are you gonna finally come clean?”

Despite the anger boiling and bubbling in the pit of his stomach, he clenched his teeth tightly and said nothing. What was the point if they weren’t gonna listen to anything he had to say anyways?

“Maybe you’re smarter than I gave you credit for.” The guard still holding him laughed.

“He didn’t put up too much of a fight or try to run again. So, throw him in the hole for a week with water only; that should be a good enough lesson for him.” An officer in charge commanded, no longer amused by the situation. “Get it done, and Get back to your posts.” All but one of the guards and the officer dragged carried Amarant toward prison, though it would have only taken one, as he no longer cared about resisting.

“Reckon there’s any chance that kid was telling the truth?” The guard asked the officer.

The officer looked on in the direction the others had left with only slight signs of interest. “Nah, it’s not like a kid like that is ever gonna save the world or anything important.”

...

“So, what’s your story?” A feminine voice called out to him in the darkness as he groaned and struggled to sit up.

It had been three days since Amarant had first been impressed, at least he assumed it had been three days based on the fact a guard had brought him a small tin of water three times so far. Isn’t that how it usually worked? Even so, during that time his eyes

still hadn't managed to adjust to the pitch blackness of the cell and so he still had no idea who else might be down there with him in an adjacent cell. He had never been much of a sharer, but at that point any conversation could be considered good conversation.

"It doesn't matter." He answered bitterly.

"Then mind if I take a guess?" She asked again.

"Shoot." He replied simply.

"I'd say you're probably a good person just trying to do what you think is best and yet the guards threw you in here anyway." She finished. Even though he couldn't see her, he could feel a bitter smirk.

"...how did you know?" He asked, concealing his amazement.

"Because that's the same reason I'm in here. I'm guessing you're probably a little different than most?" She continued apologetically.

"..."

"I thought so..." There was a sound of rustling, he guessed she was shaking her head. "Us Burmecians aren't exactly the most popular race of

people, pretty much everywhere outside of our homeland we've always been treated poorly."

They sat in silence for a long while before Amarant decided to speak again. "So... what happened?"

The Burmecian In the other cell chuckled humorlessly. "To keep it short, I got separated from the other Burmecians. I don't guess it would have been an issue if I had stayed out in the open in the main streets, but I noticed a little girl upset in the back of the alley. Turns out she had got separated from her brother. I offered her my hand and tried to help her find him, but not long after is when the guards showed up... I think you can guess what happened next."

"..." He didn't know how to respond, but he had no trouble imagining how that encounter had went. They had probably tried to accuse her of kidnapping or something. To think, only a few days ago he had dreamed of being like them. Not anymore; those days were over And done. From now on he'd find a way to make someone out of himself so people wouldn't be able to look down on him, and he'd do it all on his own.

As if reading his thought, the woman in the other cell spoke again. “I don’t really know you, but I think you’re probably a decent person and if you would like to have a friend, my name is Freya.”

This time it was Amarant that chuckled. “I’ve never had any friends and I don’t need one, but my name is Amarant.”

“Amarant... that’s a nice name.” She commented thoughtfully. “I won’t get in your way or force my friendship on you, but I will do my best not to forget you and it is nice having someone to talk to. You know, I think when I get out of here I’ll start wearing a cloak, maybe red like my favorite color, Just so people won’t be so quick to judge me before they get to know me...”

....

“I’m actually surprised you still remember all of that...” Amarant groaned while setting his empty glass back down on the table.

“I told you I wouldn’t forget.” Freya smiled at him.

“I still don’t get your point.” He commented stubbornly. “I might can admit that you and I have a

bit in common with all that's happened, but me and that damned monkey are nothing alike."

"But that's just it." She laughed, causing him to frown bitterly. "You are both very different, we all are and that's what makes us alike."

Amarant stared at her blankly again. "Huh?"

"We're all different." She continued calmly. "And yet even though we might not fit in otherwise, we all work well with each other, far better I think that we would if we were normal. Not only that but even though others may not always see it, I think In our own way we're all just trying to live the best way we know how."

"..." Amarant made no comment, but after a few moments he stood up and turned toward her. "I guess we've kept the others waiting long enough." As Freya followed him out of the tavern, she couldn't help be grin. She knew very well why Zidane had let Amarant join them and only hoped that one day he would be able to see it himself.

Table of Contents

Title Page	1
Copyright Information	2
Table of Contents	3
Summary	4
1. Finding Similarity in Difference	5